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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1910.

## CULTIVATION OF MIND.

One of the first lessons which, as chil-  
dren, we learn from the church catechism  
is that there are three powers within us  
to be exercised: "My duty toward God is  
to believe in Him, to fear Him, and to  
love Him with all my heart, with all my  
mind, with all my soul." That is, to have  
early impressed upon us the fact that it  
is not sufficient to put our whole strength  
or our whole hearts into the duties that  
lie before us, for these things will hardly  
avail unless, at the same time, we put  
our whole minds into them.

As it is given us, if we will, to culti-  
vate our strength, to preserve our ten-  
derness and cleanliness of heart, so it  
is given us, also, so to train our minds  
that we may be fitted to take our due part  
in the great work of the world, not only  
with our hands, but with our thoughts.  
"The mind is the atmosphere of the soul,"  
as Joubert wrote in his "Pensees," and  
William Ellery Channing, in his  
"Self-Culture," told us that—

"It is mind, after all, which does the  
work of the world; so that the more there  
is of mind, the more work will be ac-  
complished."

It is the mind, that is to say, the will,  
of man that governs his temper, that  
regulates his outlook on life, that fixes  
his relations to his brother-men. It is  
upon the attention he gives to his mind  
and its cultivation that his measure of  
success in the battle of life depends. Rus-  
kin in his "The Stones of Venice" wrote:  
"The mind of an educated man is  
greater than the knowledge it possesses;  
it is like the vault of heaven encompass-  
ing the earth which lives and flourishes  
beneath it; but the mind of a learned  
and educated man is like a cat-o'-nine-  
tails, with an everlasting spirit of con-  
traction in it, fastening together papers  
which it cannot open, and keeps others  
from opening."

But, surely, not much evidence is need-  
ed to prove the thesis that it is the men  
of large mind who are and have always  
been of greatest value to the world.  
What we need to realize is that the culti-  
vation of the powers of the mind, lies  
within ourselves; what makes for large-  
ness of soul, for clearness of thought, for  
tenderness of heart—these things also  
make for breadth of mind, which is  
power.

It is rather trite, but still as true as it  
ever was, that "the proper study of man-  
kind is man," but it is not given to all  
of us to have the power to read our fellow-  
men at first hand. It is for this reason  
that books are so valuable an aid. To  
train our minds so that development may  
be high, we must first study life and af-  
terward books, viewing the latter from  
the knowledge of real life that we have  
gained. There is a vital connection be-  
tween literature and life, but a man can-  
not get his knowledge of humanity from  
books alone. It is only by cultivation of  
mind that we can attain to the condition  
of true liberty; that we can set our souls  
free, that we can see our way clearly  
and honestly to the end. There is a fine  
passage in Joubert:

"Let your cry be for free souls rather  
than for free men. Moral liberty is the  
one vitally important liberty, the one  
liberty that is indispensable; the other  
liberty is good and salutary only so far  
as it favors this. Subordination is in it-  
self a better thing than independence.  
The one implies order and arrangement;  
the other implies only self-sufficiency with  
isolation. The one means harmony, the  
other a single tone; the one is the whole,  
the other is but a part."

Which is but another way of saying  
what Goldsmith said:

"For just experience tells in every soul,  
That those who think must govern those who toll;  
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach  
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each."

It is through the mind of man alone  
that this gray old world has been busied  
so far triumphant on its way. It is the  
mind of man that rises high above the  
contemplation of the sorrows, the mis-  
eries, the sufferings of the countless  
swarms of individuals who have lived  
their lives and "had their little day,"  
leaving the thought of the never-to-be-  
understood waste, to turn toward the  
great hope of whither the universe is  
tending.

To men of little minds, the overwhelm-  
ing weight of woe may, indeed, make the  
world seem like a rapacious and cruel  
hopper, in which good and bad, just and  
unjust, are alike ground up. It takes the  
cultivated and comprehending mind, the  
open soul, the tender heart, to say with  
Tennyson:

"And I could not through the ages one increasing  
purpose run,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the  
process of the sun."

It seems to be about as hard to prove  
the winning of an altitude record as to  
prove that you have discovered the north  
pole.

A society leader in Chicago says that  
the number of real society people there  
is not four but fifteen hundred. Now

watch Chicago sending out orders for  
more dress suits.

## The A. and N. Football Game.

Yesterday the eyes of the sport-loving  
people of the country were focused on  
Philadelphia and the football contest  
between the army and the navy, repre-  
sented by the cadets at West Point and  
Annapolis. Several thousand people  
went to Philadelphia—citizens of Wash-  
ington, New York, Baltimore, and other  
cities—to see the game. A list of the  
box-holders shows that a large proportion  
of them were taken by members of the  
army and navy, most of them resident in  
Washington; by diplomats, Cabinet min-  
isters, members of Congress, and so on.  
In order to see this game, vast sums of  
money were spent. Besides the thou-  
sands paid out for seats to the game  
itself, the hotels of Philadelphia were  
crowded and prosperous; Philadelphia  
merchants, Philadelphia transportation  
lines, and many other industries were  
largely benefited.

All this is worthy of remark only for  
the reason that there is a strong feeling  
that by rights this annual game between  
the army and navy should be held in  
Washington. Here, practically, is the head-  
quarters of the army and navy; here, in  
the person of the President, resides the  
Commander-in-Chief of both the army  
and navy, and his presence should grace  
the occasion. We believe that if there were  
concerted action at the National Capital,  
this event could be brought to Washing-  
ton, to the great benefit of the city. The  
big tract of land just below the White  
House, known as the White Lot, would be  
an ideal place for it. All that would be  
necessary would be for Washington to  
erect the necessary boxes and grand  
stand. This is a matter that the Board  
of Trade or the Chamber of Commerce  
might well find it profitable to consider.  
If proper representations were made,  
there is no doubt that the game could  
be brought here. If the President merely  
signified his desire to have the game  
played here, we should get it. We think  
it is decidedly worth trying for.

A man who passed the custom-house  
the other day wanted to pay \$12.00 duty  
on goods entitled to come in free. It was  
thought he was making a bid for a vaude-  
ville job.

## Art in Lafayette Square.

The citizens of Washington now have  
the opportunity to contrast really artistic  
influences with the aspirations of a time  
when, according to all present accounts,  
we had no art and didn't know what art  
meant. There is stout old Andrew Jack-  
son eternally rearing and cowering in  
Lafayette Square, and at the four corners  
of Lafayette Square, of Kosciuszko, of  
von Steuben, and of Rochambeau. These  
are bronzes; also they have their own  
story to tell, and they have been placed  
in accordance with modern artistic ideas,  
or at least in accordance with the ideas  
of those gentlemen who have been select-  
ed to communicate artistic exaltation to  
the multitude.

It is safe to say, we fancy, that this  
same multitude will have difficulty in  
mastering the various allegories. There  
is an impression to the effect that sym-  
bolic sculpture ought to arrest the con-  
sciousness of the passer-by. Certainly  
we do not erect our monuments and  
statues merely to please the anointed  
few. What, then, does the scythe mean  
on the Kosciuszko pedestal? And what  
the two hydrocephalous children gambol-  
ing at the feet of Lafayette? He is  
warmly clad. They are practically naked,  
and undoubtedly diseased in respect of  
their heads. Of course, there is some  
profound and ingenious allegory involved,  
but what is it? At least, the secret is  
known to only a few favored ones, while  
the public in general is left to aimless  
guesswork. The general effect upon the  
popular mind, we should say, is bewildering,  
and when a venerable elm has been  
destroyed to make room for a conundrum  
in bronze, the particular effect is disgust  
or infatuation.

Meanwhile, Old Hickory continues to  
prance in the center of the square. There  
is nothing subtle or mysterious about  
him, with his hat off, his pompadour hair  
in evidence, and the attentions of spar-  
rows of a full habit visible everywhere.  
Mr. Thackeray once said, after contem-  
plating the effigy for several minutes,  
"They have forgotten the rocks!"

In truth, the noble animal resembles  
nothing so much as a rocking horse,  
unless it be Mrs. Podsnap under  
virtuous excitement; but all the same,  
everybody knows what the Jackson  
statue means without lectures from su-  
perior persons and accompanying dia-  
grams. Moreover, his boots are a thou-  
sand times more lifelike than those of  
Rochambeau and others.

The newspaper men have the greatest  
cause to be grateful for Thanksgiving  
day. Think of the joy they get in re-  
porting what a good time every one else  
had.

## Mrs. Pankhurst and Her Kind.

Those English women, under the lead-  
ership of the militant Mrs. Pankhurst,  
who are making spectacles of themselves  
by rioting in the London streets, ston-  
ing the windows of cabinet ministers' houses,  
slapping Premier Asquith in the face, and  
getting themselves arrested for violations  
of the law, are doing more harm to the  
cause of woman suffrage than they are  
aware of. In this country we had  
one example of a militant protagonist,  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, who tried to urge  
other women to follow her example, and,  
by means of the hatchet and violence,  
to carry on a crusade against the liquor  
traffic. She succeeded in making herself  
ridiculous; she made a little profit out  
of her grotesque and impossible attitude,  
and so—she heard of no more.

In something of the same sort of  
seeking after notoriety seems Mrs. Pank-  
hurst and the women associated with  
her. They, too, have succeeded in mak-  
ing themselves ridiculous. Haled before  
the police court for their unjustifiable acts  
of violence and fined, many of them, in  
sheer fanaticism, have chosen to go to  
jail rather than pay the fine, thus hoping  
that they will be regarded as martyrs;  
that men will pity their sad plight and  
come to their way of thinking. Instead,  
they have chosen the one way surely to  
alienate sympathy from their cause. It

is not their martyrdom that stands out  
so patently; it is their utter foolishness  
and unreasonableness.

The voice of English women demanding  
suffrage has been heard and, according  
to its importance in relation to other  
governmental affairs, has been heeded.  
Already Premier Asquith has promised  
that the issue will be urged in Parlia-  
ment at the earliest opportunity,  
though the serious matters that are now  
pending in Parliament make such an  
issue as this quite secondary in im-  
portance. With this assurance Mrs.  
Pankhurst and her followers are not sat-  
isfied, and hence the riots and the ridi-  
cule.

The suffrage workers in England might  
do well to take a leaf out of the Ameri-  
can book. The American women who are  
believers in the cause of equal suffrage  
are quite as ardent, quite as brave, quite  
as energetic as their English cousins,  
but they have more discretion. They re-  
cognize that nothing is to be accom-  
plished by tilting at windmills; that to  
put themselves in the attitude of rowdies  
and hoodlums is to hurt, not help, their  
cause. The result has been that the  
American woman has triumphed largely  
in her battle for the suffrage. By peace-  
ful and reasonable methods, she has  
gained the right to vote in some States,  
though in many cases this right is lim-  
ited to certain questions well within  
the sphere of woman's influence and  
work. In the State of Washington  
woman has won the unqualified suffrage,  
and out there one never heard of a  
suffragette riot or militant demonstration.

Mrs. Pankhurst and her class are away  
behind the times, not ahead of them, as  
she, perhaps, fondly imagines. Men, even  
prime ministers, are usually willing to  
go to almost any length to "oblige a  
lady," but when it comes to a question  
of trusting more power to women who  
use what little they have now to make  
nuisances and lawbreakers of themselves,  
they may well hesitate.

Pullman porters are in favor of lower  
prices for berths; it will leave the pas-  
sengers more for tips.

The motto of Diaz seems to be: "Let  
me retain the cities and I care not how  
many rebels sleep upon the plains."

The hand that slaps the premier is not  
the hand fit to rule the world.

New York has a population of 9,113,279,  
and out of all those people they ought  
to be able to pick a worthy successor to  
Senator Depew.

Did you notice the Outlook's Thank-  
sgiving number? Neither did we.

That line Col. Roosevelt uttered at the  
National Press Club, "Every dog has his  
day, but the night belongs to the cats,"  
seems to be puzzling the newspapers of  
the country as much as if it were a line  
from Robert Browning.

The reason that Indiana's population  
has not grown in the past decade is prob-  
ably that as soon as an Indiana author  
puts over a "best seller" he gets out of  
the State.

By the failure of the coffee crop in  
Brazil, it is going to be harder than ever  
to get a good cup of Java.

The trouble with the Burr brothers, who  
got all that cash by mail, is that they  
cannot live up to their names and stick  
to it.

It is really too bad that the great Rus-  
sian was taken away before the newspa-  
pers had ascertained whether it was correct  
to spell his name Tolstoi or Tolstoy.

In spite of the revised rules, it would  
seem that prize-fighting is still much  
safer than football.

It is hardly fair to say that those stu-  
dents of the University of Virginia who  
are afflicted with the pink eye are well  
red.

We rise to a question of privilege. Does  
Mr. Martine, candidate for United States  
Senator from New Jersey, pronounce his  
name just like the cocktail?

The Indiana man who won a coffin on  
election day and refused to accept it,  
saying he was not ready for it, has got it  
coming to him all right.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

UNWELCOME WINDS.

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From Iceland's hills,  
From the frozen air the fountains  
And all the rills,  
The wintry winds come roaring;  
They tune and fuss,  
Their sullen wrath outpouring  
To bother us.

Why don't these chilling breezes  
To Ceylon flit?  
There every cold wave pleases  
And makes a hit.  
While Egypt's fogs hang limply  
The cold winds  
And hang around here, simply  
To bother us.

Not a Genuine Case.

"I don't believe I'm really in love this  
time."

"Why not?"

"I don't find myself making any high  
resolves."

Seems Strange.

"Those polar explorations aroused very  
little permanent interest, after all."

"That's a fact. Nobody has even given  
Ethel a library, as yet."

A Growing Suspicion.

"I hear you have gone in for domestic  
science. How do you like it?"

"I have a suspicion that I was washing  
dishes yesterday. If it happens again, I  
shall drop the course."

Aerial Cabs.

When it is cloudy on the mall  
And threatens rain,  
'Tis now the proper thing to call  
A taxicab.

A Place to Loaf.

"That new grocer is certainly an enter-  
prising man."

"As to how?"

"He has cushioned all the crates in  
front of his store."

Full of Romance.

"To your life as a sailor has enabled you  
to tell some interesting stories."

"Yes," said the old salt, "Always have  
plenty of time on my hands, I have  
been able to read a lot of sea novels."

Just Slightly.

"Do you know Borrowings?"

"Intimately."

"Oh, no. Only about \$15 worth."

## POLITICAL VIEWS.

Opposed to Tariff Agitation.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.  
As to further tariff tinkering, it is to be  
hoped that this country has seen its last  
general revision. No committee of either  
House or Senate can afford, formulate  
a tariff law that will not be criticised,  
while the fact that an existing law is in  
process of revision is always disturbing  
to business.

Right Taft is, in our opinion, entirely  
right. He does not hold a tariff law to  
be sacred, but he does believe that  
these periodical upheavals which come  
with general revisions are destructive. He  
would have the tariff considered one  
magistrate at a time, and he would have  
that consideration based upon the accu-  
rate information furnished by a tariff  
board or commission.

But if it is going to see its wishes ful-  
filled it will have to induce the country  
to reverse itself at the November election  
of 1912, for Democratic Congressmen as  
a rule have no use for tariff boards or  
commissions.

A Blacksmith Statesman.

From the New York American.  
Col. Richard W. Austin, Congressman  
from the Second Tennessee district, the  
heart of the mountains in that State,  
comes back to Congress victorious in a  
hard fight with Col. Nathaniel Hale, a  
Republican and a former Representative.  
The Democrats made no fight in this dis-  
trict.

Col. Austin went over the mountain  
country on horseback. One day, after a  
six hours' walk over a trail he found a  
blacksmith who is the county black-  
smith, and introduced himself. "Squire,"  
said the Representative, "I am mighty  
pleased to know you. I have been send-  
ing you my literature. Have you been  
reading it?"

The squire looked Mr. Austin over for  
a minute in a stern, judicial sort of way,  
and then he spoke: "Yes; I have been  
gittin' your stuff, and you are certainly a  
noisy pup."

Told by Gov.-elect Wilson.

From the Milwaukee Free Press.  
After A. J. Schmitt, Democratic candi-  
date for governor at the recent election,  
had paid a glowing tribute to Woodrow  
Wilson at the luncheon given in his  
honor, the New Jersey governor-elect  
said:

"Every time I listen to any glowing  
tribute from the gentlemen who introduced  
me, I look around to see if there are any  
Princeton men in the audience," he said.

"It reminds me of a story I once heard  
about an old lady who attended a social  
show for the first time.

"The squire looked Mr. Austin over for  
a minute in a stern, judicial sort of way,  
and then he spoke: 'Yes; I have been  
gittin' your stuff, and you are certainly a  
noisy pup.'"

Canonism in Congress.

From the New Orleans Picayune.  
The successful fight waged against  
Speaker Cannon during the last session  
of Congress by means of a combination  
of insurgent Republicans and Democrats  
has created the desire on the part of the  
insurgents that the power of the Speaker  
should be further curtailed and the power  
to appoint committees be also taken from  
him and lodged in the House itself. It  
may be doubted whether the Democrats  
will aid the insurgents in carrying out  
such a programme, now that they are to  
control the next House of Representa-  
tives, and can therefore afford to be in-  
dependent of any help from the insurgent  
Republicans.

With the Speakership in their own  
hands, the power wielded by the office  
will be regarded in a very different light  
by Democrats.

Harding and His Waffles.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.  
The Republican nominee for governor  
of Ohio at the recent election is very  
fond of waffles.

He has a regular formula for sailing  
waffles, and he is Harding to a friend.  
"And I recommend it to every one. You  
eat the first fourteen waffles without  
syrup, but with lots of butter. Then you  
put syrup on the next nine, and the last  
half dozen you eat just simply swimming  
in syrup. That way, waffles never  
hurt anybody."

Now Will You Be Good?

Roosevelt (to his photographer).  
The photograph still pins its faith to  
the upstart, progressive, political integ-  
rity of Theodore Roosevelt, and believes  
that the big stick in his hands is never  
wielded in an unjust cause. With Roose-  
velt this paper is enlisted not for ninety  
days, but until the close of the war.

Take that, darn you!

Praying for Guidance.

From the Houston Post.  
Now let the Democracy consecrate its  
energies to the single purpose of showing  
the country that it can be a majority  
party without causing people to think  
that the world has placed a premium on  
those mental and moral peculiarities  
which distinguish idiots from rational  
beings.

Opposed by Labor.

From the New Bedford Standard.  
The New York Evening Post suggests  
President Eliot as a successor to Senator  
Lodge. That will not be. No Democratic  
legislator—and few if any Republicans—  
would dare face the storm of protest  
which would come from the labor unions  
at such a suggestion.

When Enthusiasm Takes Wings.

From the Ohio State Journal.  
On occasions when we begin to feel like  
coming out for universal suffrage we get  
on a street car and see an otherwise ap-  
parently intelligent woman with ear-  
rings on.

Manifestly Incomplete.

From the Columbus Dispatch.  
Those Ohio Democrats who have not  
yet been mentioned for Senator all feel  
that the name of the winner is not in-  
cluded in the published list.

Shakespeare Knew.

From an Exchange.  
You can't get away from Shakespeare.  
He, too, knew waitresses and shop girls  
who put all their faith in the hair they  
were able to pile upon their heads. Hear  
him:

Look on beauty.  
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest.  
So are those crabs, snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Unavoidable Delay.

From the Chicago Tribune.  
There are the telegrams that passed be-  
tween the publishing house and the own-  
er of the summer resort hotel:

"What is the reason you have not sent  
us the copy for the pamphlet announcing  
your summer opening?"

"I mailed the copy all right, but the  
train was delayed several days by snow  
drifts along the route."

Talked from Experience.

From the Arkansas Gazette.  
"John, John," whispered an alarmed  
wife, poking her sleeping husband in the  
ribs. "Wake up, John; there are bur-  
gers in the pantry and they're eating all  
my pies."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled  
John, rolling over, "so long as they don't  
die in the house?"

SOCIAL GOSSIP OF  
OTHER CAPITALS

I hear that the tenancy of White  
Lodge, in Richmond Park, London,  
is likely to revert to the royal family in  
the near future. King George has a  
larger family to find accommodation for  
than King Edward had, and for this rea-  
son the use of the smaller royal resi-  
dences, such as White Lodge and Frog-  
more House, no longer will be granted  
to favored subjects. At present White  
Lodge is occupied by Lord and Lady Par-  
quhar. At the time of King Edward's  
accession it was under the present reign  
a member of the royal family seemed  
inclined at the moment to undertake the  
expense of keeping it up, the late King  
"lent" the place to Mrs. Hartmann, who  
effected immense improvements in the  
great house, both inside and out.

Queen Mary's mother, the late Duchess  
of Teck, lived at White Lodge several  
months before her death, and the Queen  
has sentimental memories of the place.  
In fact, as I understand it, her devotion  
to the Lodge is a determining factor in  
King George's plans for its future. It  
is well known that the news of the en-  
gagement of the present Queen to the  
late Duke of Clarence (the King's elder  
brother) was announced from White  
Lodge.

The famous old crown residence is par-  
ticularly well adapted for entertaining  
and probably will be the scene again of  
many brilliant royal functions of a pri-  
vate character in the future. Built origi-  
nally for royal display and social  
gatherings, the greater part of the down-  
stairs arrangements consists of immensely  
wide halls and stately corridors, some-  
thing in the style of Kensington Palace,  
the residence of the King's aunt,  
the Duchess of Argyll.

The great drawing-room really is a  
wonderful apartment, one of the finest  
of its kind in the country, and it com-  
mands a lovely view over banks of  
rhododendron, of the walled garden  
which Queen Mary's mother supervised  
so fondly.

It may not be generally known that  
the custom of King George of appearing  
in public with his right hand gloved  
and his left one bare had its origin in  
something more than a mere whim of  
fashion.

The wearing of a glove on the right  
hand is a distinct survival of the day  
when the sovereign's touch was held to  
be a certain cure for all kinds of dis-  
eases, especially scrofula.

In the times when at certain dates it  
was customary for hundreds of sick men  
and mendicants of all kinds to be laid  
out in the courtyard of royal palaces  
awaiting the healing touch of "the  
anointed of the Lord," monarchs found  
it necessary to wear a glove in order to  
escape infection. Thus arose the habit  
which during modern times has passed  
into a mere fad of fashion, the signifi-  
cance of it long having been forgotten  
by the majority of the people.

The new King of Siam, of whose Euro-  
pean bringing up I had occasion to speak  
when he ascended the throne of the land  
of the white elephant recently, knows  
his London as well as he knows Bangkok.

In fact, by education and experience he  
is almost more English than Siamese. As  
a boy he was under the tutelage of Mr.  
Basil Thompson, son of the late Arch-  
bishop of York, and now a prison gov-  
ernor (warden). Later he learned Euro-  
pean military art and science at Sand-  
hurst, afterward studying at Christ  
College, Oxford.

There he was very popular, and it is  
not generally known that while there he  
wrote a play under the pseudonym "Car-  
ton N. Terris," and also published a  
book entitled "The War of the Polish  
Succession." At that time he was not  
any great patron of the drama, but  
also took a keen interest in theatricals  
and stage manager.